

Brooklyn, Dec. 5, 1835.

My dear Henry:

Your safe arrival at Boston has removed a load of anxiety from all our minds, and filled us with joy. Your letters have been duly received, but you do not tell us how you like

"The sea - the sea - the foaming sea -  
With the blue above, and the blue below":

but I suspect you are something of my opinion, that one acre of ground is more to be coveted than two acres of water. How answer you? To be confined in a little vessel is to lose one's liberty and the power of locomotion - and this is to be in bondage, for the time being at least. Besides, immediate emancipation is out of the question: - it is nothing but gradualism, closely allied to colonizationism. Now the current of the sea is against you - now, it is a dead calm - then follows a tempest - then comes a fog - then a head-wind - and, at last, the elements are propitious, and you are carried triumphantly into port. How emblematical of the great struggles in which we are engaged!

The Liberator was received yesterday, and its contents eagerly and critically perused. Bro. Thompson's farewell letter is most happily conceived, and powerfully expressed, and well calculated to revive the hearts of our abolition brethren. With what alarm and fury will our enemies read his promise to expose their baseness and cruelty before the people of Great Britain - even to call them by name! He will hardly be safe from their murderous designs, even with the Atlantic rolling between. How earnestly do I desire that he may have a safe voyage, and that all those vitally important materials which he has so industriously accumulated may also obtain a safe conveyance!



What said cousin Andrew to you? And how did you  
farey St. John? For what port did Thompson embark? Did  
you meet with any opponents on the way?

There are a few bills of mine to be settled as soon  
as you can command the money - Vinal's for rent, Messer's for  
groceries, the butcher's, the milkman's, (a small one,) the bill  
for the wood, and the taylor's bill - the last I am somewhat  
anxious to have paid without delay, as he has sent for his  
money repeatedly, and was promised punctual payment. Here  
my expenses are small, and I shall call upon you, from time  
to time, for very little more than enough to pay our board-bill;  
so that I shall not be so heavy a burden upon you and bro.  
Knapp, as I have been heretofore. I believe I owe no other  
bills than those enumerated above, except such as Knapp  
and myself are jointly responsible for, and these relate to  
the paper.

How many new subscribers has the Liberator  
received since the riot up to the present time? and what  
is proposed as to its continuance another year? I wish it  
could be enlarged, safely - but it would be hazardous to  
make the experiment. The engraving we will lay aside,  
and substitute a plain head - The Liberator. This alteration  
will admit of more reading in the paper. Let the pres-  
ent motto remain - we cannot have a better, although  
I made it. There's egotism for you!

I long to hear that friend Knapp has succeeded  
in hiring a printing-office, especially as the year is so  
near its close; for I know it must be exceedingly vexa-  
tious to be under the necessity of resorting to other print-  
ing establishments.



I send a letter to your care for bro. H. C. Wright, which I wish him to receive as soon as convenient. He is a valuable acquisition to our cause - a fearless, uncompromising and zealous christian.

It strengthens and animates me to hear that bro. Phelps is to remain in Boston. You know how highly I appreciate his worth, and what unwavering confidence I place in his judgment, integrity and devotion. His presence, with bro. Wright's co-operation, will make my absence from the city more excusable.

Our ~~correspondent~~ anxiety for your welfare, I presume, was met by a correspondent anxiety on your part for ours. We have all reason to be exceedingly grateful to God, for the full enjoyment of health, and the high degree of happiness, that we have had since you left us. Much as I love Boston, and much as I long to see you all, I am quite attached to this quiet village, and do not feel at all home-sick.

I perceive by the Christian Register, that Dr. Channing has at last given publicity to his thoughts on slavery. Send me the work in the next bundle of papers, for I am anxious to review it. The extract from it in the Register is singularly weak and inconclusive - but I suppose it is the most rotten spot in the volume, else Prof. Willard would have not have quoted it as the soundest.

Once a week, either by the way of Worcester or Providence, I wish you would send me all the mail papers that may have accumulated upon your ~~hands~~<sup>hands</sup>, and all the letters, communications, &c. which it is necessary that I should see. Send the bundle so that it may arrive in Brooklyn every Friday. Every Saturday evening, you may put into the mail the Evangelist, Recorder, Vt. Chronicle, Ch. Mirror, Ch. Register, and other papers that may be especially interesting - not exceeding a dozen.



So, it seems, because I suffered a communication to go into the Liberator, reprimanding the Mayor for his pusillanimous conduct, our friend E. M. P. Wells has captivously ordered his paper to be stopped. Very well - "Good by." The pretext is most ridiculous. See what it is to have respect unto persons! Surely, "An Abolitionist," and "Another Abolitionist," - two against one, - ought to atone for the essay of "Hancock." I am disgusted with this squeamish regard for Mr. Lyman, and think it very unwise, as well as positively criminal, for any to attempt to exonerate him from blame.

Mr. Henry K. Benson,  
Boston,  
Mass.

Winter has come early. In this quarter, although there is not much snow, yet the sleighing is capital. On Thursday afternoon, Anne, Sarah, Helen and myself, (a crowded and heavy load I assure you,) took a sleigh-ride to Pomfret, and made a call upon Capt. Allen's family. We enjoyed ourselves right merrily. To-day it is snowing again.

Give my best remembrances to all the brethren, and believe me ever  
Yours in love,  
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.